

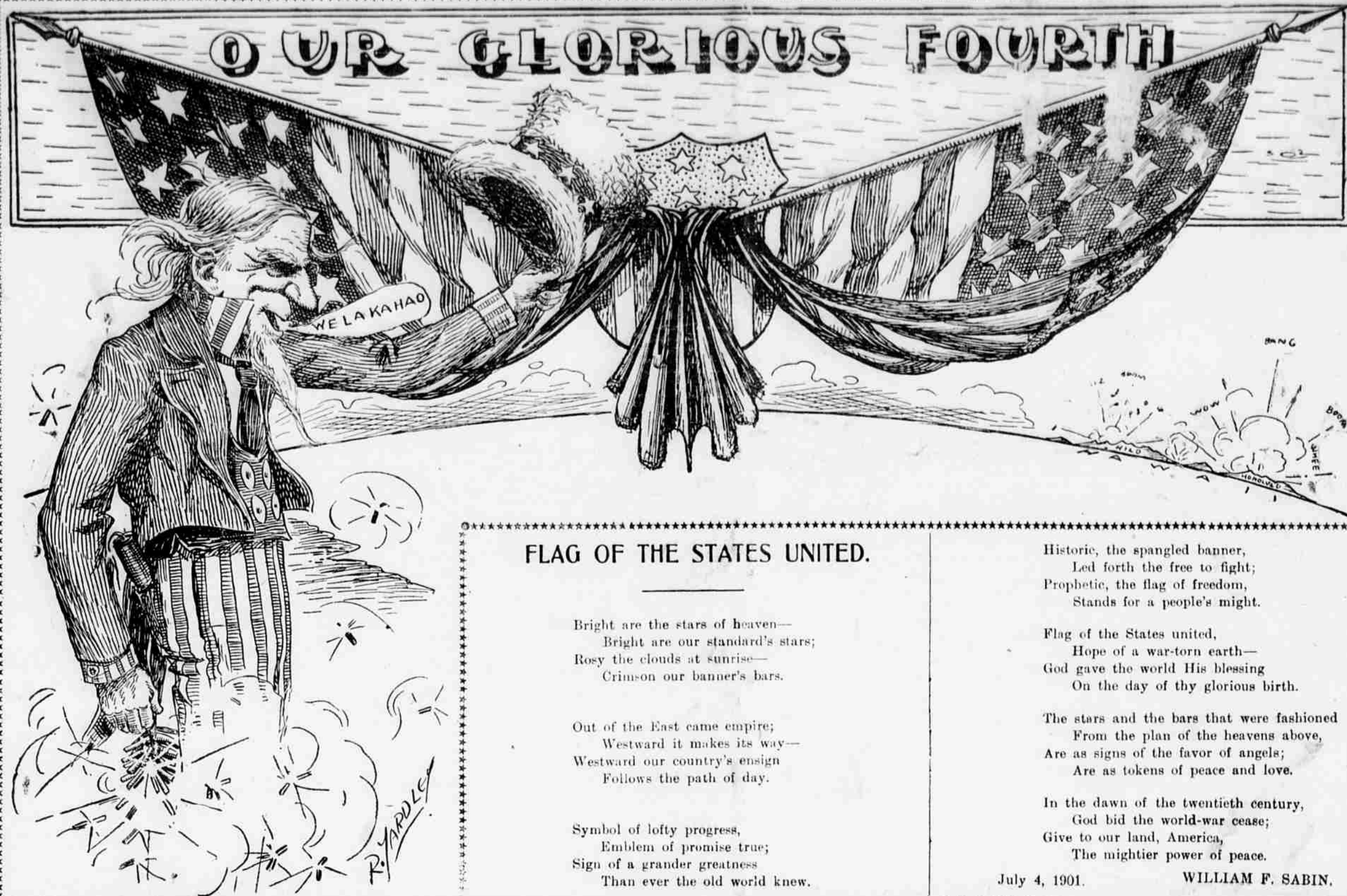
# Hawaiian Gazette.

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WHOLE No. 2295

## OUR GLORIOUS FOURTH



### FLAG OF THE STATES UNITED.

Bright are the stars of heaven—  
Bright are our standard's stars;  
Rosy the clouds at sunrise—  
Crimson our banner's bars.

Out of the East came empire;  
Westward it makes its way—  
Westward our country's ensign  
Follows the path of day.

Symbol of lofty progress,  
Emblem of promise true;  
Sign of a grander greatness  
Than ever the old world knew.

Historic, the spangled banner,  
Led forth the free to fight;  
Prophetic, the flag of freedom,  
Stands for a people's might.

Flag of the States united,  
Hope of a war-torn earth—  
God gave the world His blessing  
On the day of thy glorious birth.

The stars and the bars that were fashioned  
From the plan of the heavens above,  
Are as signs of the favor of angels;  
Are as tokens of peace and love.

In the dawn of the twentieth century,  
God bid the world-war cease;  
Give to our land, America,  
The mightier power of peace.

July 4, 1901.

WILLIAM F. SABIN.

THE one hundred and twenty-fifth birthday of the declaration of independence was enthusiastically observed yesterday by Honolulu's two boat clubs. The depot of the Oahu railroad presented a festive appearance about 8:45 in the morning, just before the long excursion train pulled out for Pearl Harbor and the races.

Hundreds of men, women and children came from all directions in hacks, by tramcar, on foot and on bicycles, crowding into the long string of coaches that stood waiting, headed by a great, puffing engine that was gay with flags and red, white and blue pennants and flags, and gay club colors fluttered from every window. Coach after coach was filled, and cattle cars that were added were crowded to their capacity with a merry, jostling throng. The blue and white of the Healanis, and the scarlet and white of the Myrtles, were in evidence everywhere, in hatbands, kerchiefs, ribbons, sunshades, neckties and leis, and there was good natured banter between club sympathizers.

Finally the great engine moved out of the station, drawing in its wake twenty-three coaches laden with gayly clad, merrily cheering human freight. The only thing lacking from the general holiday appearance was the usual strains of Kappelmeyer, Berger's band. Hilo's gain, it is to be hoped, made up for Honolulu's loss throughout the festivities of the day.

As the train left the depot there was a lively popping of firecrackers and "redheads," the parting salute of those who remained behind. It was answered by an intermittent response from the car windows, the pockets of Young America having been thoughtfully filled with this harmless and soul-satisfying ammunition beforehand.

Off towards the mountains, big white kites were flying with tails of the national colors, and on the left the nation's banner floated over Oahu prison, the flagpole bearing also the grim and rather un-American weather vane in the copper pattern of a bloodhound.

Plunging down the iron-tracked cut through the lantana, across the rice fields and past the two patches, the long train sped around the curves of the road, forming arcs and half circles, so that those on the rear cars could frequently view the gayly-decked engines and a long string of coaches from the windows of which flags and pennants fluttered, trailing the two far ahead, station and houses flanked by each with some decorative symbolical of allegiance to the nation, and here and there a Japanese or Chinese building, regardless of the nation's holiday, over the rice fields, waving a train of blood-drenched water buffaloes on through the mud.

A little over a half hour's ride brought the excursionists to the railroad terminus, and the coaches poured forth their thousands. In a promiscuous procession they tramped over the road and dust towards the bushtones, and red dust adhering plentifully to their faces, their hair and their clothing, and detracting somewhat from the splendor of holiday attire, but having no effect upon the rising spirit of enthusiasm.

Arrived at the beach the crowd

awaited the races, while soda water bottles popped and certain energetic small boys who had dexterously ducked between the legs of the conductor on the train to avoid awkward questions in regard to fare, gathered up the empty bottles and scurried over the ground towards the refreshment stands, intent on rebate.

Out on the smooth, beautiful water, white-winged yachts sailed about, at the will of their proud possessors, while the merry laughter of guests on board rang out across the shimmering waves, that gently lapped the pebbled beach at the feet of the spectators. Noisy launches and busy rowboats plied about, evidently with a great deal of business to attend to, and two

white flags marked the finishing line for the coming boat races nearby, while off in the distance, up the harbor, two twin white pennants marked the starting line.

Presently there was a shout from all along the beach, and a great waving of hats and handkerchiefs. The race of the seniors had begun. Down towards the crowd the two fragile shells came, the lithe bodies of the oarsmen bending and swinging with the simultaneous dipping of the oars and inspiring the respective sympathizers on shore to renewed shouts and frantic waving.

Almost from the start the result was obvious, and the devotees of the blue and white went wild. Those who wore

the scarlet and white were not far behind the band, however, and cheered encouragement to the falling Myrtles. When the Healanis shell came in full three lengths ahead it was as if bedlam were let loose and the defeated sympathizers were given over to x-cuses in response to the banter of the victorious. One small boy with a scarlet and white handkerchief on his hat, and trousers turned up to show a barber-pole arrangement of the same colors in hose, was driven to the admission—"Well, them Healanis fellows can handle the oars, after all."

The race of the junior crews was a repetition of that of the seniors, except that the results were more emphasized, and the applause accordingly

more hilarious and deriding. Immediately after the finish of the last race the majority of the crowd hastened back over the red dust to the train, a few remaining with large luncheon baskets to picnic the day out. There were afternoon festivities planned for the devotees, both the blue and white and the scarlet and white, and luncheon at home was the objective point. Upon the arrival of the train at the depot in Honolulu there was another burst of cheers, and as the crowd dispersed its attention was directed to a proud procession of Healanis carrying brooms procured from a Chinese store nearby; the Healanis colors were attached to the brooms, and the shouldering of these harmless

household weapons was meant as a subtle indication to the uninformed that the Healanis had won.

### THE REGATTA.

The regatta officials had everything train reached the Peninsula. Launches scudded here and there on the course and from wharf to wharf of the rival crews, while the small boats in which were the flagmen for the various half-mile posts, were sent to their stations early. The course had been flagged early in the morning, and the stiff breeze caused the white bunting to stand well out before the eyes of the hundreds of spectators. The officials who came down on the 8 o'clock special train consisting of two palace cars, "Caboose No. 1 and Caboose No. 2," repaired at once to the Myrtle wharf, to which the big sea-going launch, well in hand by the time the excursion Waterwitch, owned by Commodore Archibald Young, was signaled by A. A. Wilder, chairman of the regatta committee. The wharf was crowded with racing enthusiasts, the reds and the blues vying for supremacy in the display of their favorite colors.

A small launch, belonging to Young Brothers was thought to have been secured also for the regatta committee to take the starters to the commencement of the course, but it was ascertained that Captain Jack Atkinson of the Myrtles had chartered the boat, and the committee for the time being was in a quandary. The owner of the launch said that the committee and Mr. Atkinson would have to arrange the matter between themselves, and the launch finally went over to Mr. Atkinson's party. Acting Governor Cooper, who had brought his fine harbor launch, the *Manuwaia*, over to the Myrtle wharf, promptly offered her for the use of the officials, which the committee gladly accepted.

At this time several yachts came down the channel and took up anchorages on the marked side of the racing course. The yachts were led with ladies and gentlemen, but they arrived just as the shells of the seniors were about to be launched, there was no time for dressing ship. The only one in gay attire was the *Maris*, belonging to Mr. Lee. The yachts were the *Gladye*, with Mr. Hudson and party aboard; the *Marion*, commanded by F. H. Weaver; the *Dewey*, with Mr. Johnson at the helm; Mr. Dow & Abbot; Mr. the *Prize*; and the *Healanis*, with Judge Wilcox on deck. The launch *Manuwaia*, belonging to Acting Governor Cooper, carried as guests Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McAndrews, Miss Cartwright and Mrs. Cooper. The shores were lined with spectators, and the boats burning at their anchorages when the senior crews were called to the water.

### THE SENIOR RACE.

The *Maris* were the first to enter the water, followed by the crews of the reds. It was 9:30 when the old lap-around race, which has lasted for championship honors on more than one occasion, was lowered to the water. Arthur Bliss, the *Prize*, and J. M. H.

(Continued on Page 4)

## THE WINNING CREWS IN YESTERDAY'S BOAT RACES.



THE SENIOR HEALANIS.



THE JUNIOR HEALANIS